1346
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THREE NEW SONGS:

Viz. I. Thro' the Wood Laddie. II. The Weaver. III. Bob and his Landlady; Or the Young Soldier's Frolick.

WHEN the child is a getting there is no crying,
and thro' the wood laddie,
and thro' the wood laddie,
When the child is a getting there is no crying:
and thro' and thro' thro' and thro',
thro' the wood laddie.

When the cherry's in bloſſom there is ne'er a ſtone,
and thro' the wood laddie, &c.
When the cherry's in bloſſom there is ne'er a ſtone,
and thro' and thro. &c.

When the apples in bloſſom, there is ne'er a core,
and thro' the wood laddie,
When the apples in bloſſom, there is ne'er a core,
and thro' and thro', &c.

When the capon's in ſhell, there is ne'er a bone,
and thro' the wood laddie, &c.
when the capon's in ſhell, there is ne'er a bone,
and thro' and thro', &c.

They ſend me a bible that no man can read,
and thro' the wood laddie, &c.
They ſend me a bible that no man can read,
and thro' and thro', &c.

in a houſe that's unbuilded there is ne'er a ſtone,
and thro' the wood laddie, &c.
in a houſe that's unbuilded, there is ne'er a ſtone,
and thro' and thro' &c.

Myſelf is the houſe and my heart is the door;
and thro' the wood laddie,
and thro' the wood laddie,
Myſelf is the houſe and my heart is the door;
and thro' and thro' thro' and thro'
thro' the wood laddie.

The Weaver.

THE ſailors they are fine
When they're new come from the wind,
And their breath ſmells as ſweet as a roſe:
There's not a country carter,
Dare go above my garter,
As long's there's a ſailor in town.

Had it not been for you,
I'd been married long ago,
to a weaver that weaves on the loom,
Pox take him for a weaver
For he's prov'd my deceiver;
and weaves on a nother man's loom.

There's many pretty girl
That can both ſing and dance,
and for ſweet hearts they can get none,
There is many a dirty ſow
can get ſweethearts enew
while we pretty girls can get none,
Pox take him for a weaver,
For he's been my deceiver,
and he weaves on his landlords loom,
Pox take him for a rogue,
He's forſaken houſe and trade,
And he weaves on his landlords loom.

Bob and his landlady;

Or, The young Soldier's Frolick.

UPon a march it was my lot
a billet for to ſhare,
Into an inn which made me grin,
to ſee my dame ſo fair
My landlord he prov'd kind to me,
and I got qnarters there;
And it's true I kiſs'd my landlady
let that ſtand there.
let that ſtand there my dear,
let that ſtand there
'Tis true I kiſs'd my landlady,
let that ſtand there.
Our louſy landlord blamed me
for doing of this deed,
Becauſe I did relieve his wife,
when in the time of need.
Being a petty conſtable
for him I did not care,
It's true I kiſs'd his pretty wife
let that ſtand there.
Our orders were for Ireland,
freſh quarters to prepare,
Which made my handſome landlady,
begin to curſe and ſwear,
Saying I'll go along with Bob,
let Bob go e'er ſo far,
My Bob's the lad that kiſs'd me well,
let that ſtand there,
Farewell my loving landlady
I muſt purſue the rout,
Dear Bob ſays ſhe pray ſtay with me,
lets take the other bout:
I'll rob the cuckold of his gold,
and thou the ſame ſhalt ſhare,
For thou'rt the lad that kiſs'd me well
let that ſtand there,
Then twenty guineas in my hand,
ſhe lovingly did ſqueeze,
Dear Bob ſays ſhe pray think on me,
when you are on the ſeas,
Pray think on me I will agree
with all your fates to ſhare:
For thou'rt the man that kiſs'd me we
let that ſtand there,
let that ſtand there my dear
let that ſtand there,
'Tis true I kiſs'd my landlady
let that ſtand there.

FINIS.